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THE MASTER-PLAYER.

An old, worn harp that had been played
Till all its strings were loose and frayed,
Joy, Hate and Fear, each one essayed
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.

Then Love, the Master-Player, came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame;
The harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song,
And brought forth music sweet and strong.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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CATCHING UP.

While in attendance at the recent commencement exercises at Pomona College the Rev. Dr. Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Tacoma, gave a discourse on "Christian Union." Dr. Garrison, the Editor Emeritus of the Christian Evangelist, whose home is at Claremont, writes concerning it: "One of the most earnest and forceful indictments of our denominationalism, and one of the most urgent pleas for unity I have heard in a long time. * * * * There was not the slightest bitterness toward any religious body, nor any special blame attached to anybody for the past; but it was an urgent call to respond to the present demands of our time. He said plainly, 'we will all have to give up our denominational names, and our creeds, so far as making them terms of union, and our church politics in so far as they interfere with the organization of a united church.' He spoke especially of the seven great evangelical bodies which embraced the bulk of Protestantism, namely: The Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Lutheran, Baptists, and Disciples of Christ, all of whom, he thought, had some concession to make in order to secure the unity of Protestantism."

Dr. Garrison writes further: "On being introduced to him at the close of his sermon, I asked him where he had gotten hold of my sermon on Christian Union! He laughingly replied, 'When a man has been sowing such seed as you have been sowing for so long a time, he may expect to find it springing up in unexpected places!' The Congregational brethren, as they greeted me, said, 'That was your doctrine, wasn't it?' I replied, 'Yes, and yours, too, isn't it?' They all answered in the affirmative."

Our Disciple brethren (known usually as "Christian") delight in speaking and writing of themselves as pioneers in the movement for Christian Union. Such they have been! Such also have Congregationalists been! And our thought has been that the Congregational "pioneering" with respect to this movement antedated that of the Disciples. But be this as it may, what we all today should be most deeply concerned in is not in trying to figure out who originated the doctrine and movement, but who shall labor most valiantly to reach the desired goal.

Dr. Garrison states in his article in the Christian Evangelist that a recent magazine article, entitled "Catching Up With Roosevelt," attempted to point out how in many respects "the American people were just beginning to see things which that ex-President had seen years ago," and that the caption of that article reminded him of one that might be written on "Catching Up With the Campbells."

All in all, our thought is that "Catching Up With Christ would be better. And if a text were wanted, these words of Paul might not come amiss: "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

A DAILY PAPER TAKES A HAND IN THE EXPOSURE OF ANTIQUATED BIBLICAL INERPRETATIONS.

A few weeks ago Professor William Frederic Bade, of the Pacific School of Religion, occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Fresno for a few Sundays. Some of his utterances were challenged by a Seventh Day Adventist preacher in an article in the Daily Republican, and a little discussion ensued between him and that preacher in the columns of that paper. Later there appeared an editorial written by Mr. Chester Rowell, from which we make quotation:

"There are certain things, such as some which Professor Bade has pointed out in the Book of Daniel, on which there is no informed controversy. All competent scholars of all denominations are agreed, not in detail, but fundamentally on these things; all scholarly theological schools teach them; all standard modern works take them quite as a matter of course, and all educated clergymen who are abreast of modern scholarship are familiar with them. But laymen in the pews as well as the uninformed part of the clergy in the pulpits do not know this and will not learn it unless taught by the informed. Many of them were taught in their youth, and therefore still believe, that the 'kiver to kiver' view of the Bible is the sole way of salvation, and that any doubt of it is infidel and heathen.

"Educated modern clergymen do not only doubt, but deny this view. Shall they in the name of God's truth and Christ's righteousness, teach their congregations what many of these congregations and all of the traveling evangelists regard as irreligion and infidelity?

"That it must be done sometime, if Christianity is to survive the light, they all know, and many of them are therefore doing it now.

"Perhaps the interest in Professor Bade's clear expositions and the total collapse of any serious effort to refute him, may help others to solve a problem which has been weighing heavy on their consciences and their courages."

The editorial from which the foregoing paragraphs are taken having come to our notice we referred to the copies of the Fresno Republican in which the articles by Mr. Adams, the Advent preacher, had appeared and also to one in which Professor Bade had made reply, and found that the discussion related to the chronology of the Book of Daniel, and that Mr. Adams in an effort to substantiate the Adventist opinion had quoted antiquated books just as if he were quoting up-to-date living authorities. Among them there was Lloyd's dissertation on Daniel's seventy weeks, written in 1690—a man who believed that the earth was flat and at the center of the universe. Professor Bade questioned the wisdom of dragging the poor fellow out of his grave to testify to things he could not possibly know in his day. And he pointed out that even the most recent of Mr. Adam's supposed authorities wrote before any of the great modern excavations of Ninevah, Babylon, and the Palestinian cities were made. "Yet upon

them our present knowledge of the chronology of the Bible and its origin is correctly based."

Stating that some of Mr. Adam's witnesses wrote even a century before our present historical record was inaugurated, Professor Bade remarked that in such a manner one might make George Washington testify that Hindenburg never existed.

Strangely, Professor Bade's opponent so mixed up Professors Willet and Zenos of Chicago with his ancient "worthies" that these modern scholars appeared to be endorsing the errors of the antiquated writers though in fact they oppose them. Professor Willett of the University of Chicago was quoted thus by Professor Bade in his article showing the errors made by Mr. Adams: "The authors of Daniel and Revelation deal with their own ages, and with no other. . . . Neither book is prophetic." Further it was stated that Professor Willett, who is one of the present-day scholars giving much study to this and kindred questions, declares that the book of Daniel was not written by Daniel but by some Jew who lived four centuries after Daniel's time.

In summing up Dr. Bade stated, as his article indicated throughout: "The real trouble is that Mr. Adams does not know where the great mass of Christian scholars now stand, nor is he able to judge the trustworthiness of works on the Bible. "

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Let China become a military nation and the West will have ten Japans to fear, says Sun Yat Sen.

Olivet College has placed its ten buildings and equipment at the disposal of the United States Government and has ended college work for a time.

The new City Library building in Sacramento has a capacity of 300,000 volumes—"twice the capacity of any other building on the coast," says a Sacramento correspondent in the Library Journal. The building cost $130,000.

The Continent says that Miss Margaret Slattery presented at the recent International Sunday School Convention the need of the study of young people and of sympathetic work with them in an address of great persuasiveness and power.

A Christian cathedral is to be built in Cairo in memory of Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener and others of the British who have died in Egypt, Gallipoli, and Palestine. Eight acres will be used in the heart of Cairo, on the main road leading to the Nile bridge.

Judge Wilbur of the California Supreme Court was elected one of the vice-presidents of the International Sunday School Association at its convention last month in Buffalo. The president is Dr. W. O. Thompson, president of the Ohio State University.

Harold Begbie says concerning Dr. Jowett's first sermon at Westminster Chapel, London: "It was a great sermon—the greatest utterances of English character since August 1914, for it contained no word of rage or vindictiveness, but sounded only the diapson of righteous anger and the vox humana of moral earnestness.

The Salvation Army "mothers" are said to have made "a wonderful hit" among the soldiers in France with their doughnuts and apple pies. "We know that the boys need more than sermons and songs here," remarked one recently. However, they know also that the doughnuts and the pies open the way often for the sermons and the songs.

"The best way to spur the people of the United States on to speedy victory," says The Christian Work and Evangelist, "is not by description of German atrocities, not the appeal to vengeance, not the appeal to self-protection, not even the appeal to patriotism, but the appeal the President himself uses, that the United States is out to free the slaves again, and establish a unified, free, peaceful world."

The Nation, of New York, has an editorial on what it calls Lloyd George's Irish Collapse," in the course of which it remarks: "Obviously if England were not at war Lloyd George could not resign too quickly to avoid dismissal. . . . Until the clear light of history is thrown upon the whole episode it will be impossible to understand what induced him to plunge into such a scheme without having consulted a single Irish leader or having informed himself as to conditions in the island or the state of its public opinion."

Is the dollar-a-year man worth it? According to a staff correspondent of the New York Independent this is what Congress has of late been trying to determine as to this kind of government worker—whether he is useful or useless, a parasite or an asset. The Independent correspondent quotes an old-time government employe, an expert economist, who calls him a demoralizing influence; not a corrupting one, however. "Earlier in the war he was unstintedly praised; later he was whole-heartedly damned; now he is accepted as a fact which requires consideration and constructive development."

"Two popular misconceptions of me I have never been able to live down," said Dr. Washington Gladden, a few years ago. "One is that I spend much time traveling and the other that I devote much of my time to literary work. The first is due to the fact that I do some of my sermon preparation work at my study at the church and part here at home, and I use a small traveling bag in which to carry the books and manuscripts I happen to be using between my home and my study. People seeing me en route suppose I am going out of town or just getting back. It is true that a number of books have been published bearing my name as author, but they came entirely as a by-product. Almost without exception they were sermons or lectures given first from my pulpit to the people of my congregation and later accepted by publishers."

"Matthew's Sayings of Jesus" is the title of a book issued a few weeks ago by the University of Chicago Press. The book is by the late Professor George D. Castor of the Pacific School of Religion. A subtitle is: "The Non-Markan Common Source of Matthew and Luke." At the time of Dr. Castor's death in 1912 the manuscript was ready for publication. Professor Shirley Jackson Case of the University of Chicago, says: "Regrettable as is the delay in publication, the value of the book is not thereby appreciably impaired. In the meantime no treatise has appeared rendering Professor Castor's discussion superfluous; nor has the importance of his contribution to scholarly discussion of the synoptic problem diminished. Students of the subject will welcome this fresh and vigorous treatment of a very perplexing theme." Professor Benjamin W. Bacon of Yale University, in the introduction, expresses the judgment that Professor Castor has something of value to say whereby the solution of this vital problem of criticism is really promoted. "And as to the problem itself Professor Bacon writes: "No more fascinating problem exists for the student of the life of Christ than the

reconstruction of that primitive document which modern criticism has proved to underlie our Gospels of Matthew and Luke."

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF A GREAT BRITISH PREACHER.

Article II.

In our article last week on Stopford Brooke it was stated that he never regretted his going out from the Church of England. However in 1905 he said to a Broad Church clergyman: "If your views had been prevalent in the Church in 1880 I should not have seceded."

But his biographer declares that this was mere exuberance, and that other utterances contradicted it—that, that remark represented a passing mood, and not a settled conviction.

To very many in all the denominations Brooke's doctrines do not to-day seem strange or heterodox. But he was much in advance of his age, as many things indicate. When the Queen asked Disraeli to make him Canon of Westminster, he replied, "I could not appoint a man of his politics." When Gladstone, later, was asked to make this appointment his answer was, "I could not appoint a man of his theological views."

When Brooke left the Church of England a few pewholders at Bedford Chapel gave up their pews, but others came in at once and regularly the chapel was crowded to the doors. Visitors from all part of the world were always present. The forms of the Book of Common Prayer were used in the services, the creeds and certain parts of the Liturgy being omitted. Brooke made a new collection of hymns, adding a few written by himself, said to be "of singular beauty."

In no way was there any violent breach with the past. Dr. Jacks writes: "A stranger entering Bedford Chapel in the eighties would not be aware of much difference from the earlier period. There was nothing to suggest nonconformity, either in the character of the service or the person of the preacher. No attack upon the Church of England was heard, and when once the necessary explanations had been given, no further reference was made to his secession, nor to the causes which had led up to it. Instead of talking about his freedom or contrasting it with the condition of those who were less free than himself, he used it to develop his positive message of the Kingdom, 'not according to another man's idea of it, but according to his own idea of it'—dwelling continually on the Fatherhood of God, the leadership of Christ, and the immortality of the Soul."

These, it is said, were his constant themes; and "in their light he read the lessons of science, of art, of history, of social progress, in all of which he found a continuous revelation of God and an opportunity for realizing the Christian ideal."

"The congregation he attracted was composed predominantly of thoughtful men and women, many of whom had given up the habit of public worship until they came under Brooke's influence—men of science, doctors, barristers, artists, actors, public singers, journalists, members of Parliament. It was upon people of this class, and they were a great multitude, that his example and his influence produced their effect. Through them his message was touching the central currents of English life. He was preaching the religion of love unhampered by dogma—of human love which, in its noblest form, becomes divine; and holding forth a great ideal of public duty as its necessary consequence and chief form of expression. Many persons of weight and influence were learning this from Brooke who would not have learnt it from anybody else."

Brooke had a vision of a life far more brotherly than that of the century in which he lived. Once in an address to workingmen he said: "We are going on, one and all, together to form in the end a complete Humanity, in which for the first time the great cries of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity shall be perfectly realized. For all then shall be members of one body and one of another. Each shall live for all, and the whole shall live for its parts. The interests of the whole shall be one with the interests of the individual, and the individual shall be sacrificed no more for the whole. There shall be no special class, no special rights, no divisions made by selfishness. One common love shall bind all together into one body, and all shall love one another truly, because all shall worship absolute love, from the least to the greatest."

Once in 1888 his diary bore this note: "Preached on the necessity of adding spiritual beauty to moral usefulness, and on its being higher than moral usefulness. No one cared for the sermon—I suppose because it was so true and so difficult to carry out." He went on then to remark that he was vexed because he cared more for that view of life than for any other in the world; adding, however: "It is not bad training to have one's deepest convictions rejected; and God will take care of the truth." Writing in 1889 to a woman friend he said in answer to some things she had said: "Yes, I am sure, a reasonable and noble theology is the greatest of wants. But I have no care to read much about what I have got at last after years of trouble. To read of it only recalls the worries of the way. I prefer to rest in the green meadows where I am, and to know that every day God reveals new splendor and beauty, and that so it will be forever. But that does not prevent my agreeing with you that it is well to preach the highest view that one can conceive of Him who is at once Law and Love. My dislike of theology is only a personal dislike of reading about all the views of others, of their analysis and comparison, etc., etc., all of which is of the intellect and not of the spirit."

In a letter to a friend in 1892 Brooke wrote: "God has laid down our place. It is our business to stand fast there—in those conditions—and to witness a good confession through them. When we accept life in that way, believing that we are here in our own nature, to do a work in the progress of the world which no one else can do, we begin to think less of our own state of heart and our own trouble, and say to ourselves—My whole struggle is a part of the struggle of Humanity towards its Father and my Father, and I will work through it and all its doubt and dismay, not for my own sake but for the sake of God and my fellows. Then, our inward trouble begins to die, for we see it as a means of helping all. And we think less of personal trouble, and less and less each day, until it nearly vanishes away. At least it changes its form, and becomes a path of help."

Brooke's letters and diaries abound with interesting and illuminating notes on literature. At one time he wrote: "Miss Rosetti's religious poems are the most beautiful in the English tongue. Sometimes they are too'Quietist' for me, sometimes too much tinged with Methodistic High Churchism, that curious mixture; but they have profound feeling and soft-acting imagination, very vital and instructive, and Love is first in them."

In 1916 he remarked: "Tagore's latest books are not as good as the Gitanjali." In 1912 he wrote concerning the Gitanjali: "I have been deeply impressed by the poems." They had not been published at that time, and he continued: "I wonder if he would let them be published. They would not make a stir, but the book would be loved

by a great number whose love would be worth having, and would be a delicate companion of quiet hours. Then, it is full of poetry—bright shoots of everlastingness; and I am often carried away into the infinite with a whirling pleasure."

As to Shopenhaur he wrote in the diary for October 17, 1909: "I read Shopenhaur with much entertainment. He was grimly in earnest in his loathing of our whole life; but it was so ferocious that it made me laugh. Whatever the world may be it is not absolute blackness. It is black enough, but there is plenty of pure color, and even if the main element be suffering the picture is grey, not black."

In 1897 he wrote to one of his brothers: "I have read Tennyson's Life. It is well done, very well done. People complain that the tiger roughness of Tennyson is unrepresented. But a son could not represent that; and what Hallam gives us is what no one else has given. We see the best side of the man. Why should we see the ill? The best side is the truest side. The ill side is the twist away from the true. You will have to buy the book. It is one to take up again and again."

March 16, 1908, his diary bore this record: "I've dispersed all the Old English books—all the books on Chaucer, all on Shakespeare. I had better now dispose of all those on science, which fill many shelves. Long since I gave away all the theological books. What do I want with these now? Chaucer himself and Shakespeare are enough for me, without commentaries. Physics has changed its form. Darwinism has developed into novel ways. Geology and astronomy I still love: they take me into infinities. The theological struggles are nothing to me. What is 'Modernism' but the old thing we went through in the sixties in a shape very little changed, and in the Roman, not the English Church? An intellectual, not a spiritual strife!"

In June, 1871, he wrote to his wife: "It is too bad that Jowett will not preach on some interesting or useful topic. Fancy instructing that congregation in good manners! It is the only part of Christianity which the fine world possesses as a tradition; and the worst of the sinners are the most courteous and kind. They want to be told that good manners are not everything, and that to be a Christian in life means something more." Jowett was spoken of in the letter as preferring the domestic-cat religion and of purring away over the fireside and the social board—and all to his disgust.

Although thoroughly in sympathy with his own nation in the great world war, the coming of the war did not surprise him. "A sense of impending catastrophe had been with him for years. Industrial civilization as it exists today he regarded as based on covetousness and doomed to destruction by the very process which it created. Again and again he had predicted that the immense accumulations of wealth in Europe and America would sooner or later give rise to plunder and rapine on an enormous scale—what else indeed could be the result so long as the root of covetousness was uncut? That Germany would play the part of chief plunderer he had not anticipated. * * * His opinion was that the industrial system would go to pieces under the shock of civil war, and he expected that the beginning would be in America." When the European war broke out he said to his biographer: "The end is coming otherwise than I thought. But it is coming all the same. Covetousness will have to be rooted out of the earth."

Back in 1898 he had written in his diary: "Perhaps we may need the horror of a universal war to teach poor blundering mankind that self-interest is not the master idea of nations, but their degradation and destruction." And then he added: "It is terrible that such lessons need to be taught by the crime of war. There is the problem for thought, and it involves both God and man."

As early as October, 1914, Brooke wrote to a friend: "One of the results of all this slaughter will be the recovery of faith in immortal life. There will be a passionate desire that it should be true." This was to Professor William Knight, who was then writing a book on Immortality. He predicted that it would be read eagerly.

In September, 1915, he wrote in reply to a letter from another: "I am glad I was able to make Jesus a reality to you. In the midst of all these horrors He is now the one reality to me. The world was cruel to Him and He saw unlovingness at its height around him, and yet he said God was love, and He could leave Peace as His last legacy to His people. I do not understand how he could say and do this; but I believe He was right and cling to that."

In March, 1916, he wrote to a life-long friend: "This war, given the conditions of society, was inevitable; and if society is ever to be bettered it must be fought to a close. They attack the Church for not stopping it. It is not the Church they should attack, but the general greed and covetousness, the desire of getting more and more, the loss of love and mercy—even the scorn of it, which for fifty years have prevailed more and more in England as well as in Germany, in every class in America. Where there is covetousness, war follows as sure as disease follows dirt; and if in the future settlement after the war covetousness prevails in its conclusions, wars and wars worse even than this will follow. A man's life, they say, consists in the things he possesses. A man's life does not consist in that, but in loving and thinking for others more than himself."

Back in 1899 he had written in response to a letter from a friend:

"Yes, I hope the New Century may be more joyous and eager than the last years of this century have been. A lessening of high faiths and a predominance of intellectual analysis have not made the world happier or better. Where God is not, Mammon squatters in like a toad, and Society worships the dirty beast."

No one who reads about Stopford Brooke will understand the currents of his life without knowing that he was of a mystical nature. One of the first excerpts which his biographer makes from his diary, and which he makes to precede the first chapter is this: "I have the old belief of reincarnation; and it is more than probable that I began a very primeval, arboreal person, and have been of all tribes, of all nations and climates, and have seen a hundred civilizations in my time."

His biographer tells us that at times he seemed to live in the morning of the race, retaining much of the primitive consciousness which antedates all human speculation; that he was unaware at these times of any line of division between himself and Nature, and was able to meet her on her own level. "We must not be surprised, therefore, to find him here speaking a language which is not that of the nineteenth or twentieth century, but of an age far remote from the present, when the winds and the waters, the plants and the animals were almost a part of human society—the age in which myths had their origin."

"He sees these beings in bodily form, meets them in the woods, converses with them as primitive man conversed with his gods."

Again we find it: "The 'spirit in the pathless woods' was to him no metaphor of fancy, but a real presence."

In the country Brooke would sit for hours by a stream of water, and would lose all consciousness of himself, would become a pure elemental, "sharing a common existence with elves, fairies, naiads, sprites, or whatever name may be given to the presence which moves upon the waters or within them."

In 1899 he wrote: "Our real being is outside altogether this shadow-haunted sleep that men call life."

Once by the sea he wrote: "I desire nothing more than these wonderful windswept moors and radiant sea, and the sense that Nature is greater than man and God greater than Nature." And then: "I am akin to God; and that perhaps is at the root of all my contentment. I hope so at heart; but I ask no tiresome questions about it."

In 1902 he wrote in his diary: "Who knows what spirit life is in great Nature from Him whose idea she is, and whose thought continually makes, supports and moves the universe? And to give love to this spiritual creature is to make it mine, as it is His."

The conversations which he had with the water-sprites would fill volumes. We give a sample: " 'Do you always do what you want?' said L. to me one day. 'I always want what I do,' said I. 'If you do it, you don't want it,' said she. 'To do anything,' said I, 'always reveals something more to do.' 'Then you never cease wanting,' answered she. 'Never,' I replied. * * * 'I suppose,' she said, "this is the soul at work. For my part I don't understand you nor what you say.' **'You do not,'** I said."

The foregoing was at Tintagel in 1902. The following was written at Birmingham in the same year: " 'As to my gaiety,' said I, 'I was born gay.' 'Thank the Great Water,' said L. 'Who is that?' said I. * * * 'Is it your God?' 'What you mean by God I don't know,' she said with some gravity, 'but there is a Great Water from whom we all come, all the springs and rivers and lakes of earth. * * * We give honor to the Source of all.' 'He does not seem to disturb your mirth,' said I. 'Disturb!' she cried. 'He is the cause of it!' "

Brooke is said to have regarded the weekly appearance in the pulpit as "An unburdening of his soul to a crowd of his fellow-men." And it is stated that in his later years there was a growing desire to enjoy God in his soul rather than to talk about him.

It was in one of his later years that he wrote: "The longer I live the more I feel that loyalty to Jesus Christ, who has made us know what loyalty to his Father is, is our safety and our power and our joyfulness in this troubled and desponding world. We need have no fear to love him well, for he leads us beyond himself to the Father who is greater than he; and he leads with himself into union and brotherhood with all mankind. Our strength is to go in and out among men as he did, and if we are depressed at times, it is depression which he knew and with greater reason for it than of us ever had. Yet it never chilled his faithfulness to the ideas his Father had given him, any more than the desertion of friends and the cruelty of enemies chilled his victorious love of man."

IF WE RETURN.

If we return, will England be
Just England still to you and me?
The place where we must earn our bread?
We who have walked among the dead,
And watched the smile of agony,
And seen the price of Liberty,
Which we have taken carelessly
From other hands. Nay, we shall dread,
If we return,
Dread lest we hold blood-guiltily
The things that men have died to free.
Oh, English fields shall blossom red
For all the blood that has been shed
By men whose guardians are we,
If we return.

—F. W. Harvey.

WAR PROHIBITION AN IMMEDIATE NECESSITY.

Statement of Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of The Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the United States, Before the Senate Committee on War Prohibition, June 19th.

Mr. Chairmen, Gentlemen of the Committee, I represent the Methodist Episcopal Church as its opinion is expressed by General Conference action demanding immediate prohibition, and the resolutions passed by the several Conferences of the Methodist Church requesting War Prohibition, to save the food, the transportation, the fuel, the man power, the morals, the morale of the army, and the face of our Christian civilization. We are now in the midst o a great war of self-defense, we demand all kinds of sacrifices of our people, who are having heatless days, meatless days, wheatless days, and sweetless days; and yet the people cannot but notice there are no beerless days or whiskyless days; that the liquor power is making more money than ever before, that the multiplying of the price on whisky and the exclusion of food for the making of more spirits has caused the liquor power no inconvenience whatever, but has made millionaires by the dozen.

The only people in the United States who seem to have made no sacrifice for the winning of the war are the liquor people. The great body of our folks are willing to go hungry for the food they like, to live on war bread, and stint themselves on everything else, that the soldiers may have more food, that the men who are doing useful work may be fed, but they are not willing to fast and to go without the things they need on their tables in order that loafers may eat as much as we do without stint, and then turn around and drink up food that ought to have been saved for the needy Belgians, and the Armenians and the starving peoples of the world.

It is strange to hear the liquor men say that alcohol does not require much cereals, and then brag that they used this last year fifty-two millions of bushels of barley, and forty-two milions of bushels of corn, and twelve milion bushels of rice making alcoholic drinks; that it required three million acres of land to grow the cereals and 166,600 cars to haul the cereals and the intoxicating liquors when made. They do not however, put in the gross tonnage of coal that was burned in running breweries, while churches were required to close and schools took enforced vacations.

Your problem is the people's problem, it is, What will win this war, What will give America the victory she is fighting for? McAdoo says "Money will win,," Hoover says, "Food will win," Garfield says, "Coal will win," Schwab says "Labor will win," Daniels says "Warships will win," Woodrow Wilson says "The farmers will win," Hurley says "The transports will win," the aviators say "Aeroplanes will win;" but the liquor traffic is an organized asault on every one of these. It wastes two billions of our money when the government is calling for more patriotic contributions; it turns our food into poison, it burns our coal while useful industries stint themselves; it unfits labor, it slows the preparation of our warships, it has always been the greatest embarrassment of the farmer, that is why they always vote so solidly for prohibition; it has slowed the building of the transports, and the first ships that were launched were launched in the prohibition cities of Seattle, and Portland, and the aviators say that any consumption of liquors makes them unfit for their delicate, responsible work.

I want to call your attention to a special investigation made by the Research Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church engaged in this work. He corresponded with the heads of all the coal mines, practically, in the United States; especially a full correspondence with the men re-

sponsible for the mining of coal in Pennsylvania. And he has compiled practically unanimous testimony that the increased wages gave the drinking men their opportunity to drink for four days on the wages they made in two, and take a day to sober up; and that it is the time lost and the energy lost by the drinkers that was entirely responsible for the shortage of fuel all last winter; and a worse shortage is facing us for the winter to come, caused by the same thing.

We are now again at a place where the roads fork. We have been making for a year and a half a plea to the country for prohibition of the liquor traffic as an equipment for winning the war. We have talked of food conservation; we have told how brewers are turning our grain into poison, how saloons are taking out of the pockets of the people, two billions and a quarter a year; how transportation facilities badly needed for carrying commodities to the army and to men at the front are diverted into carrying commodities which can do no one any good.

We have talked of fuel shortage and food shortage; we have talked of money waste and necessary economies; we have set our women to sweeping up the crumbs and our children to licking plates in order to lick the kaiser, and we have put our whole plea on the secular basis of saving. Then when a brewery employe can get the ear of the President and tells him that he represents the sentiment of organized labor, in the United States, and that he has learned that War Prohibition on beer would not save anything, because the brewery would go to making soft drinks, which would require the same materials and labor, time and money, the President thinks all our pleas have been successfully answered, and so our argument is put aside.

Incidentally, let me say, that Samuel Gompers holds a position, where in labor matters, he represents labor, but he has never represented the conscience of the laboring man on the liquor problem, does not today, and is no more authorized to speak for them on that subject than I am. When he speaks in the name of organized labor, he always speaks under the direction of, in the interest of, and as a regular for the organized brewers of the United States of America.

No, war prohibition as the next step in the winning of the war, does not depend on any secular argument whatever. It arises personally from a century of teachings, from the moral convictions of a hundred million people, from the growing revulsion toward the traffic, growing out of the fact that alcohol is not a food but a poison, that its manufacture is not a business but a crime, that it belongs in the class with the gambling hell and the brothel which civilization has outgrown and must destroy, and the plea for National Prohibition at this time, while we are at war with Germany, and when Germany has gone dry, taking over every one of her big breweries to make ammunition or food or clothing, or some commodity for the army or for the winning of the war, is not a mere opportunist's plan to add a little efficiency to our army, but is a plea on behalf of the morals of the nation and the morale of the army, that is absolutely essential to the winning of the war and to deserving to win the war.

The essential question is not, if we should stop the breweries now making beer, would they not make soft drinks instead? The question is, if it is a part of God's purpose in the great world war to wipe the nations of the earth clean from their several drug poisons, which have debauched mankind too long and been tolerated simply for revenue, if what the German Emperor himself said, addressing the officers in army and navy, five years ago, that "the next war will be settled by nerve, that nerves are continually undermined by alcohol, and that therefore the nation that uses the least alcohol will be the conquering nation in the next war, and the nation that uses the most alcohol will be the one that goes down first;" if the fact that Belgium was the largest drinker of intoxicating liquor in the whole world, and that much of that prophecy has come true, what will become of the land that in view of all the light and all the knowledge and the moral convictions of the people, and sensitiveness of the national conscience on this subject, persists through its rulers in tolerating the most gigantic, iniquitious, impudent, pro-German trade that could be tolerated in the world, and with a great outcry against the wasting of people's substance and the ruin of their souls, during war times, our President should determine, or our Congress should so neglect the subject, that we should struggle on through this battle without giving our boys the utmost help we can by stopping this waste at home and this devastation abroad?

What if, as in the case with Lincoln, God would withhold victory from our troops as He did those of the Federal troops, while we had any complicity with slavery, until Lincoln promised the Almighty, if He would drive the Confdrate Army out of Pennsylvania, he would free the slaves; and after that was done a series of victories led up to the culmination that kept Old Glory's stainless stars flying in the heavens.

And what, if the Divine purpose be, to purify the world by this war, our government should be the last to prohibit this national evil, and should hold on to the iniquitous liquor traffic, until we are taught by the loss of a million lives, that it does not pay to trifle with the God of the Universe, or with the moralities that He is seeking to teach, or with the religious principles that have blessed society, and which are peremptory in their demands.

I tremble for my country when I remember that God is Just, that He has spoken in His word, and speaks by His Providence, by the movements of these states as well as among the liquor traffic, and when I see our ruling powers standing today as the defender of that colossal assault on humanity, known as the organized brewers, pro-German in their sentiment and organization and conducting a destructive trade which becomes a practical ally of the Kaiser, in his assault on Christian civilization. This partnership was clearly brought out in the investigation of the German-American Alliance.

I perhaps travel this continent as many times across and as many miles per year as any man in it. I talk to and with as many people and have as good opportunity to feel the popular and moral pulse. There are two conflicting emotions both very tense today in America. One is the patriotic desire to win and to contribute toward winning this war. The other is a dreadful apprehension that we will not do our utmost in time to win or deserve to win a quick victory and so lose the lives of millions of our boys. This second apprehension has grown through the moral convictions of the people.

There are millions of Americans who do not believe that this administration can win this war or deserve to win it with the beer industry hanging like a millstone about its neck, turning our "daily bread" into human poison, tying up labor into useless activity, slowing our workmen into heavy beer brutes, wasting two billions of dollars annually, organizing temptations for our soldiers and spoiling the morale of our people in war times. President Wilson can stop this diversion of resources into a pro-German and disloyal trade, or Congress can do it as a war measure absolutely demanded by our people. If either does, they will have the thanks of the united Church of Christ, the thanks of the fathers and mothers who are giving their boys, the thanks of American business men who amid sacrifice of taxes, gifts and helpers are conducting "the business as usual" amid fearful handicaps.

But if this war drags its weary length through another year and the American people get the conviction that our lack of food and munitions, transports, preparations and victories are in any way connected with the waste and ruin of the American tolerated beer trade, the reprobation of this short-sighted pro-beer policy, bringing upon our nation the moral culpibility of standing on the wrong side on the greatest moral issue of the twentieth century will develop into the darkest cloud that ever broke over the head of a human ruler, for failing to apprehend the signs of the times, the providence of God and the divine purpose to clean up our world, especially to wipe from it the curse of the drug poisons of the nations. "Ye shall be ashamed of your revenues because of the fierce anger of the Lord." Jer. 12:13. Do we think God is going to give victory in the world war and leave the moral conditions no better than before the war came? We must have a dry United States and a dry world.

OBSERVATIONS.

Not altogether bright was the morning on which the Observer set sail from Seattle for far away Alaska. Nevertheless the clouds withheld their moisture for a day or more, and tho the gentle drizzle did render the upper deck uncomfortable we were able to be content in the social hall, and perhaps became more intimately associated with the one hundred and forty passengers than we otherwise would have been. Some, we discovered, were returning from enjoyable visits to the "States," others were bent on business, a few were tourists, and one or two young women en route to be married. Their companions finding it impossible to come for them. Familiar as the beautiful inland passage was to most of them, they still enjoyed the smooth sailing—the charming islands, an occasional glazier, and the streamlets started by the melting snows on mountain top, hastening down the steep declivities like threads of silver thru a background of emerald green. Speed was not a characteristic of our steamer, but faithful puffing gave evidence of gradual advance, and slow tho we were we rejoiced in few stops—nearly three whole days passing before we reached a port for which we had freight.

Among the interesting experiences was that of two individuals who rather unexpectedly came in contact with U. S. officials. Mrs. Z. from San Francisco bore unfortunately a German name—and anxious to have a short vacation sought in her own city a ticket to Skagway and return upon a Canadian steamer. On arrival in Seattle and attempting to board the latter, she was asked for her passport. Not thus fortified, the S. F. office never calling her attention thereto, she was compelled to abandon her trip, unless passage could be secured on another line. In this she was successful, the Alaska Steamship Company taking her ticket and forwarding another on our steamer. This experience she narrated to the writer, whose name is sometimes taken for German, tho his Dutch ancestors settled on Long Island away back in the 18th century. Both, however, were true Americans, so imagine their surprise when arriving at Ketchikan to have the U. S. Marshal call them aside and proceed to assure himself that these two, with names so like the German, were not spies bent upon mischief in the far North. The good woman subjected to quite an ordeal was able to convince the officials that she was seeking only rest and pleasure, having been born in Ohio and being a resident of San Francisco, engaged in business for her daily bread. And the writer having assured the protectors of our country's interest that tho a resident of San Francisco and vicinity for the last forty years, he had never laid eyes on the fair lady until coming on the steamer and had in his limited conversation with her heard not a word of disloyalty, was allowed to go free, apologies being made for thus interrupting the gentle flow of his interesting meditations. From this time forth the Observer will believe **there is something in a name.**

Among his fellow passengers none called forth greater interest on the part of the Observer than some twelve or fifteen Indians returning home after a year spent at Chemawa—the School for Indians near Salem, Oregon. This school established and maintained by the Government has an excellent plant with large grounds and ample resources for training both the hand and the mind of the many sons and daughters of the aborigines of the great Northwest. Many are half-breeds, and if all of the latter are like unto those on our steamer there is hope that in due time much good will be done thru this and kindred institutions. Both the boys and the girls were well dressed and carried themselves with considerable dignity and grace. They varied in age—from ten to seventeen or eighteen years—and were quite willing to tell of their experiences, more especially as they pertained to the school. Two of the boys were approaching eighteen years of age and to the question, "Do you want to go to war?" heartily responded "Yes, I want to fight for my country." One girl who seemed to be the leader of the feminine contingent seemed to take especial pleasure in stating her father was a pure-blooded Irishman, while her mother was a pure-blooded Indian—a Thinglit. When interrogated as to which one was instrumental in sending her to school she rather exultingly replied, "Neither. I am sending myself. I can work, and am somewhat independent." Another, somewhat more modest, intimated it was thru her mother that she sought an education. Her mother she added was somewhat of a musician, and was interpreter at the court. Later it was to the writer's pleasure to meet the mother and daughter at the dock. The daughter introduced the Observer and in shaking hands with the mother took her to be somewhat in advance of the average woman of her race. Of course, the Government at its own charge educates these children of the forest and the sea. While means for their transportation must be provided by parents or friends. Delightful as was this intercourse with these wards of the nation, the Observer could not escape a pang that they must needs return to the somewhat uninviting homes of their parents. To some, such experiences, as we all know, result in their returning to their former ways. To others, let us hope, the new life is an inspiration to continue in the new and better mode of existence—and possibly as the days go by, many will rise to levels of civilization enjoyed by the most of us, and become men and women devoted to the life whose inspiration is from above.

But here we are at Juneau. This capital of the territory, well nigh surrounded with rugged mountains, has an outlook over an arm of the sea which makes it beautiful in situation and a joy to many whose lot is cast within its bounds. Some are at the wharf, but most of the bright and breezy inhabitants are asleep, for it is midnight. And yet it is not dark. The Observer turning over his grip to the smiling colored man who calls aut "Hotel Gastineau," walks slowly up the street, realizing that if The Pacific were in his hands he could with ease read its crisp editorials and its items of news coming from all parts of the coast. But alas, this friend of well nigh forty years is not with him, and as he moves steadily on to find a comfortable hotel with rates reasonable and in a little while loses himself in slumber.

OBSERVER.

There is the music of a thousand chimes and the exhilaration of a million mornings in Christ's word: "Be of good cheer."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. F. M. Price intends to translate the story of the life of Chaplain Rowell into Chinese.

At the communion service in First Church, Long Beach, July 7 twelve persons united by letter and one on confession.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. W. W. Willard will be the speaker.

Professor Tolson of the Pacific School of Religion has been engaged by the Y. M. C. A. for religious work at the Presidio and at Camp Fremont.

The pulpit of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, is supplied by the Rev. W. J. Johnson of Oroville during Dr. Larkin's vacation of four weeks.

At the Forum in First Church, Berkeley, next Sunday evening, the address will be given by Professor Kaun of the Department of Slavic Languages of the University of California. Subject, "Russian Realities."

Dr. Chapman, the veteran temperance worker in California, preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley last Sunday. Dr. McAfee, the pastor, has been given leave of absence for six months and will go next month to Camp Lewis.

The Editor Emeritus of the Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, writing from Claremont, says of President Blaisdell's recent baccalureate sermon: "It had blood and iron and courage in it." The theme was, "The Call to a Militant Life." Text, "Fight the good fight of faith."

Long Beach secured the Christian Endeavor convention for next year. Attendance at Sacramento this year was 2780. The Alameda county delegation was the largest, being 191. The Los Angeles county delegation numbered 139. C. E. Culver was elected president. Paul Brown continues as field worker where he has served so excellently for several years.

The Rev. John M. Schaefle, pastor of the Pico Heights Church, Los Angeles, since 1890, is taking a brief vacation in San Francisco and vicinity. The Pico Heights Church, with a membership approximately of 300, has 29 of its young men in the army. Some are in the camps in this part of California, and the pastor is making them a farewell visit before they start for "over the sea.'

It was nearly twenty-five minutes after the close of his address in Wheeler Hall on the grounds of the University of California last Monday afternoon before Dean Charles R. Brown left the platform. It required that much time for old friends to give greetings. While in the San Francisco bay region, Dr. and Mrs. Brown will be at the home of Mr. Warren Olney, Sr., at 429 twenty-ninth street, Oakland.

The pulpit of the Union Church, Piedmont, will be occupied next Sunday morning by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer. Mr. Palmer will be hereabout until October, working with the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Fremont and at the Presidio. As he was about to leave for San Francisco Mr. Palmer said in a letter to the Central Church people Honolulu: "As I go back to fulfill my engagement with the Army Y. M. C. A. I want to thank you all for the cordial co-operation I have received during the past seven months. The church attendance has been gratifying, the esprit-de-corps in the Bible School has been excellent as has been, indeed, the working enthusiasm in all the other sub-organizations. I have never known a church where the various officers fulfilled their duties more conscientiously. Especially fine has been the loyalty and helpfulness of the employed staff of the church—assistant pastor, secretary, choir and organist, custodian, janitors—all have done their utmost to give me unstinted support and co-operation."

At the recent Endeavor convention at Sacramento, Rev. E. A. King gave one of his sex lectures to a large group of High School boys in the Central M. E. Church. This is the third time Mr. King has spoken on this subject at a California C. E. convention. Much interest was stirred up and the campaign for distributing the book goes on with increased interest. The new circular setting forth the meaning and method of the work is a beautiful piece of printing in patriotic colors. Copies will be sent free upon application to Mr. King.

We find in the Congregational Church Building Society pages of the American Missionary for July the following note: "We note with pleasure that Rev. H. H. Wikoff, our Field Secretary on our western coast, is one of the Directors of the Pacific. And Rev. Charles L. Kloss, formerly one of the Trustees of this Society, is one of the Contributing Editors. The Pacific is one of the most interesting religious papers in this country, and worthily represents Pilgrim and principles in the far West. It deserves a large patronage." The writer of this note, which the friends of The Pacific will read with pleasure, is aware doubtless by this time that Secretary Wikoff is also the president of the new board of directors and Dr. Kloss a trustee as well as one of the contributing editors.

SON OF A PASADENA PASTOR RECEIVES THE CROIX DE GUERRE.

On the 18th of February Donald Fox, son of the Rev. Dr. D. F. Fox, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, received from the French War Department the Croix de Guerre. The official citation makes the statement that the young man "made proof of great courage and real disdain for danger the 12th of February 1918, during a strong bombardment of explosive and gas shells." Mention is made of the fact that he entered the area of exploding shells and rescued two officers who had been wounded and carried them to a hospital.

The day after his decoration the young man wrote to friends:

"Yesterday was one of the big days of the war, for I received a Croix de Guerre, the French war medal. Two of us were cited and received the honor.

"The ceremonies were in the field back of our cantonment. The boys got all dolled up in their Sunday clothes. The French lieutenant put on his red cap and wore his sword. The band showed up in full force and even the sun came out after a long period of retirement. We went through the usual ceremony. The section lined up, the French commanding officer paraded up and down in inspection and then took his place in front. He called Fox and Williams, a Georgia boy, to step forward. The band ta-ta-taed for an opening signal. The citations were read, the medals pinned on, our hands shaken, and we were kissed on both cheeks, according to schedule, French custom and the movies, Then the band played the Marseillaise and The Star Spangled Banner and marched past us in review, playing a march. We fell in behind the rest of the boys and marched off the field. It was all over except the big dinner, which surely would have convinced

you that there was no war within 10,000 miles."

Donald Fox is a graduate of Pomona College, class 1914. He has been with the Ambulance Corps in France about two years.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN CLUB OF LONG BEACH CONCERNING DR. GLADDEN.

To the members of the Washington Gladden Club of the Long Beach Church the departure of Rev. Dr. Gladden came with a deep sense of personal loss.

In the four years of the club's life a tender and intimate relation had been established between this great-souled man and the club which had honored itself by taking his name. So far as is known, this organization is the only one of the 6,000 church clubs in the U. S. which bears the revered name of Washington Gladden. With early recognition and being the recipient of frequent greetings by letter and mail from the club, Dr. Gladden seemed to adopt the membership as his very own and to heartily and affectionately reciprocate the kind messages of the club and the pastor of the church.

Then there came a time when on March 15th, 1917, the Gladden Club was favored with the opportunity to extend its choicest hospitality to their friend and his daughter, Miss Alice Gladden. At the dining table, after being made an honorary member of the club, he spoke in a delightfully informal vein; then as the club adjourned to the church auditorium he found a large attendance of citizens waiting to listen to his formal address. This was entitled "Some High Lights of Memory" and was a swift and illuminating review of the notable changes and events which had occurred within the speaker's four score years. No public address of recent times in Long Beach has given greater satisfaction.

On receipt of the regretful intelligence on July 2nd, the officers of the club at once sent a night letter to Miss Alice Gladden tendering the heartfelt sympathy and remembrances of the members. They also requested that in token of their grateful recollections, a wreath of emblematic design should be duly prepared.

On Sunday, July 7th, a brief Memorial Service was held at the morning church hour. In these exercises the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, and the president of the club, participated and the choir and congregation sang that hymn of Dr. Gladden's which will go down through the ages, "O Master let me walk with Thee." In tenderly reminiscent words the pastor referred to the great work for mankind accomplished by Dr. Gladden, alluding to him as the Nestor of Congregationalism, a man who was known all over the world, foremost in religious journalism, author of many volumes, promoter of new methods of Bible study, interested in every great civic movement, a servant of humanity.

To this statement was it added that Dr. Gladden cherished a truly fatherly feeling for the brotherhood of this church, and might almost have been considered as pastor emeritus of the Long Beach Church, as well as that of the one he served so long in Columbus.

Subsequent to the church exercises the Gladden Club met in special session and voted that the secretary be requested to enter a minute upon the records of the club concerning their beloved friend. This minute is to recite not only the sense of the members' appreciation of the supreme usefulness of Dr. Gladden in the moral and religious life of this country, but in particular is to emphasize the affectionate relations he sustained to the club. It was also voted that the birthday anniversary of Dr. Gladden, February 11th, should hereafter be appropriately recognized at meetings of the club held near the date.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GET-TOGETHER COMMUNITY SUPPER AT HIGHLAND.

Among the social activities of the church none have achieved instant success comparable with the monthly get-together community supper inaugurated by pastor F. E. Dell in October of last year, and continued up to June of this year. Here is the original plan and there has been no reason for deviating unless in some minor details:

The supper must pay its own way and was not to cost more than 20 cents per plate. It was served in the basement, or gymnasium room of the church, and was followed by a program consisting of a debate on some live question, with music and recitations. The literary exercises were held in the Sunday-school room to which adjournment was had after supper. To carry his plan into effect the ladies of the church were grouped into committees of eight, including a chairman. The committee in charge of the first supper faced the task with misgivings. There was no prescedent by which to gauge the probable attendance. While it was in a measure a church affair, it was announced from pulpit and press as a community affair. How would it be received, and would it be bigger and broader than even a Congregational Church door? These were questions experience alone could solve. Some said, considering the high cost of living a supper could not be served for 20 cents. The evening came and with it a crowd that almost jammed the supper room. People were there who never see the inside of a church except in the event of a wedding or a funeral. The supper that committee, and subsequent ones, evolved for 20 cents was a marvel, and yet, when the receipts were counted they exceeded the expense by a few dollars. Every committee, from that to the last supper in June, has had about the same experience and finished with a small balance to its credit.

More seating capacity has been added as the monthly meetings progressed and sometimes standing room has been at a premium. At the June supper more than 175 were served, and this in a rural community.

Perhaps the advent of warm weather and the knowledge of the work entailed induced Mr. Dell to terminate—for the time at least—these get-together affairs that have been so successful. The literary programs that featured the several meeings, have been of a high order, and have developed among the younger people of the church and community much latent talent.

If some church wishes to get people together in wholesome social gatherings that are at the same time educational and helpful, let them, with the coming of cool weather this fall, try Mr. Dell's plan. It draws like a porous plaster.

C. L. F.

SEELEY, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

On June 11th, the Seeley Union Church of Christ was received into the Congregational Conference of Southern California.

Dr. William Thorp of San Diego, was elected moderator of the Council, and Rev. R. L. Glasby of Calexico, acted as scribe. Dr. George F. Kenngott acted for the Conference.

The Union Church of Seeley had been in existence for several years, but as time went on there was a growing sentiment among the members favoring the care of some denominational parent. As soon as the denominational idea took root, the pioneer people remembered the work done in that community by Rev. R. L. Glasby of Calexico seven or eight years ago when the Elder Congregational Church was organized. There was no town then, in that vicinity, so the church was called after the little desert schoolhouse

in which it was organized. Afterwards the town of Seeley was organized and for a time the Congregational seed seemed lost, but in "due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'

The Congregational people have remained loyal to the man wh otook the hard knocks and blazed the trail; so, when it came to a vote they voluntarily chose to become a part of the Congregational Conference of Southern California.

Dr. Kenngott, in reviewing the history of the church, read a list of seventy names asking for membership. Dr. Kenngott also stated that at a meeting of the superintendents of the various denominations, it was voted that all other denominational activities would cease as long as the Congregationalists held the field.

About ten churches of the San Bernardino Association were represented in the Council.

NOTICE TO ALL WHO HAVE RELATIVES AT CAMP KEARNY AND OTHER SAN DIEGO CAMPS.

Rev. E. E. Ellsworth Smith, General Missionary of the Southern California Congregational Conference, has been given a leave of absence by the Conference until October first to act as one of the Y. M. C. A. religious work secretaries, at Camp Kearny. He will be delighted to render any service possible to any of your relatives and friends at Camp Kearny; and also, when he has the opportunity, in any other of the San Diego camps. Address: Rev. E. Ellsworth Smith, care Y. M. C. A., Camp Kearny, Calif.

SANTA CRUZ.

Miss Kathleen Burke, the Red Cross heroine, the Irish nurse who has been in the Scottish War Hospital work, spoke Sunday night at the Congregational Church before an audience of 1200 people that crowded every part of the building. It was a union service at which W. C. Byrne, president of the local Red Cross society presided.

A. B. C. Dohrmann of San Francisco, of the State Red Cross society, gave a three minute talk. C. C. Moore, chairman of the State Council of Defense, was also present.

The Sunday before, W. Cameron Johnson gave a travel talk on the Holy Land before a big audience at a union meeting.

On Saturday the Ladies Aid Society made over $40 at a midsummer food sale.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Half a dozen ministers participated in the rededication of the Corbin Park Church last Sunday night. As an evidence of progress under the ministry of Rev. G. C. Weiss, in addition to numerical increase, it has beautified the building and installed pews in the main part of the auditorium. Every branch of the church is in good working condition. The sermon on Sunday night was preached by Mr. Julius O. Yeager, of Lincoln Heights Church, and was a worthy presentation of the spiritual significance of the great war, and its challenge to the church and ministry. It gave evidence of clear thinking and a real grasp of the situation. The dedicator prayer was offered by Rev. W. S. Pritchard, a former pastor; and words of congratulation were offered by the Revs. Luckanback, Baldwin, Edwards, Howard, (M. E. Church) and benediction offered by the Rev. Needy.

Rev. Joel Harper, is spending a part of his vacation at Seattle and is supplying the Pilgrim Church for two or more Sundays.

Rev. W. D. Eddy is soon to close his labors at Elk and vicinity and he and Mrs. Eddy will spend some time on Puget Sound with their daughter. They have three sons and a son in-law in the U. S. Army, two commissioned officers and in France.

The trustees of the Washington Congregational Conference, through a committee composed of G. W. Nash, H. G. Ross and E. E. Flint, has sent out the following plea:

"With other leaders of Christian work we have for a long time been conscious of the excessive denominational competition characteristic of present day church life. We have striven in the face of great obstacles to overcome this sectarian rivalry because of its obvious weakness as a policy from the economic as well as the religious point of view.

"In view of present world conditions we believe the time is especially opportune definitely to invite the leaders of the various Christian denominations in the state of Washington to officially declare their willingness to enter upon a campaign of co-operation and consolidation for all overchurched communities. We pledge ourselves to share to the utmost degree in this campaign for the obliteration of all merely denominational competition. We appeal to the leaders of the other communions to join us in arranging a conference at the earliest possible date to go thoroughly into this matter and to map out a course of action.

"We appeal to the general public to express to their own denominational leaders the wisdom and even the urgent necessity of entering upon this policy of co-operation without undue delay, for we are fully persuaded that the interests of vital religion demand our coming together on a common platform of essential Christianity."

J. EDWARDS.

MY PRAYER.

Create within me, my most gracious Lord,
More thirst and hunger for Thy precious word
Teach me to feed upon the bread of heaven,
And drink the living waters Thou hast given.
In Thine own image may I daily grow,
And have Thy love within me ever flow.
Thy faithful servant would I always be,
Supremely loving, trusting, serving Thee.
Amid dark clouds and storms that gather round,
Ere clinging to the cross may I be found.
Arouse me from my slumbers, lift me high,
Give me a glimpse of realms beyond the sky;
But better, sweeter far than all beside
To feel, and know, that Thou in me abide,
My strength, my portion, and unfailing guide.
If Thou this blessed token dost bestow,
I shall be strong and satisfied; I know
Thy will my will shall be, Thy thought my thought,
My life in deeds of mercy shall be fraught.
From Thy great precepts I shall never stray,
But with delight perform them day by day;
And feel and know despite the smoke of war,
That Thou as Father never art afar.
I'll always worship Thee with fervent heart,
Till I awake and see Thee as Thou art.

—J. E.

Men are always waiting to do some great thing. Let them overcome themselves, for that is the greatest conquest.—Drummond.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The prayer-meeting of the W. B. M. P. on Wednesday, July 10th, was the first one to be held in our present quarters on the second floor of the Lachman Building, but it was much more notably signalized by the presence of a number of missionary guests. We were most glad to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Otis Cary, of Kyoto, Japan; Mrs. Ament, of Peking; Mrs. Frances H. Davis, of Kobe, Japan, and, for a minute or two at least, Mr. Robert Chandler, of Tientsin, China. Mrs. Chandler unfortunately we did not see at all.

The devotional study of "The Meaning of Faith" was continued, going on with the thought of the connection between the conception of the personality of God, and the vitality of faith. As was pointed out earlier in the chapter, a friendly universe is the only universe in which man for any length of time instinctively believes, and a friendly universe necessitates a personal God. Only a personal God can be the God of hope, or the God of penitence. Only a personal God can satisfy man's thirst for joy. Above all, only a personal God can ever be a partner with us, can cooperate with us.

After the devotional service, we had the pleasure of hearing something of our own work at the Doshisha from Mrs. Cary, and of the Japan Mission Meeting from Dr. Cary. The party then adjourned to luncheon at the Ramona, where we were able to have with us also Mrs. Ament's son and daughter from their home in Oakland.

At the Wednesday morning meeting of July 24, we are to have the pleasure of greeting Miss Frances B. Clapp, who sails on the following Friday for Kyoto, Japan, to become a teacher of music at the Doshisha. All will be welcomed who can make attendance possible. Miss Clapp is the daughter of the Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, at one time pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, and for many years the Home Missionary Superintendent of Oregon. Many friends in Oregon are expressing the love and esteem which they bear to this entire family and also their interest in the Doshisha, by sending the daughter to Japan for three years, paying all expenses of salary and travel.

* * * * *

Another delightful opportunity of meeting Miss Clapp is extended to all who are interested, by the invitation of Miss Henrietta Brewer, vice-president of the Board, to a reception at her home, 770 Kingston Avenue, Oakland, on Friday afternoon, July 26 from three to five. A special invitation is given to the young ladies of our churches to welcome Miss Clapp at this time The interest of the occasion will be enriched by the presence of Dr. Karmarkar of Bombay, India, who proves a fascinating personality wherever she appears. It is quite a sacrifice on the part of Miss Clapp and her family that at the request of the Board she embarks at San Francisco instead of a port nearer home; so let us assure her of our sympathetic interest and cordial support by a large attendance and heartfelt welcome wherever we are given the privilege of meeting her.

* * * * *

A Manual for Young Missionaries.

The above caption is the title of a book which proves most interesting reading for anyone; and for those for whom it was especially prepared it is a storehouse of valuable advice and information gleaned from the experience of many years service of workers on the field.

It is edited by Dr. Arthur F. Smith, a missionary of the American Board for forty-five years in China. Other contributors to its pages are Dr. Edward H. Hume, Rev. F. W. Baller, Dr. Hopkyn Rees, Rev. A. J. Warnsheeis, Dr. J. W. Lowrie and Mrs. Spencer Lewis.

Every phase of the young missionary's life is considered by these experienced "specialists"—his physical, intellectual and spiritual life, his language study, his relation to the members of the mission and to the Chinese, his problems of keeping accounts and housekeeping, and lastly the best use to make of his furlough

The advice is that of an expert, in every case, and it is given always from a strong spiritual viewpoint. Much of it could be appropriated by each one of us with profit to ourselves and our friends.

For example: "If we truly 'roll our burden upon the Lord,' fretful impatience as to the outcome ought to be impossible. Worrying is as really a sin as stealing.' But if our faith is too weak for such unquestioning reliance upon God, may we not at least imitate that lady who, disturbed by a journey undertaken by her husband, after praying about it, remarked, 'I do not know enough about the danger to worry intelligently, so I have decided not to worry at all.' This is an age of haste and rush. Life becomes even more and more complex, and there is greater and greater difficulty in adjusting ourselves to its details. They always tend to dominate us and if we allow them to do so will tyrannize over us. Things are in the saddle and ride mankind. At whatever cost this must be resisted."

"Our evangel is life, not the teaching of ethics, not the definition of dogma, is the task before us. It is simply the transmission of life. Life is transmitted only by that which lives."

"Be courteous. Christ was courteous and Christ was a king. Never become excited. Never talk in a loud and an apparently angry tone. It will be taken—let us hope mistaken—for a loss of temper, which in the eyes of the Chinese is a greater fault than prevarication or deceit. This may seem strange, but it is a fact and a suggestive one."

"So far as is possible amid the distractions of a missionary's life keep regular hours and stick to them, allowing others the same privilege. Especially do not interrupt the study hours or devotional hours of others. . . . Yet if it is imperative, do your errand and go. And when you go, go! Do not hold the front door open in winter, letting the warm air out and the cold air in, merely to add empty words. The woman who must not stay, but who will not go, becomes at times an international problem!"

"Make full my joy that ye be of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind; doing nothing through faction or through vainglory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others." This admonition from St. Paul is quoted as explicitly stating the principle that should guide in establishing and perpetuating the relations of individual co-workers.

"We cannot too often remind ourselves of the great qualities of the Chinese. Let these serve as a background everywhere and always—their reasonableness, their courtesy, their helpfulness, their willingness to work long and hard for others, their patience under provocation, which, as we often lightly remark, would 'drive us wild.'"

The advice in this little book which applies pertinently and exclusively to missionaries' problems is especially pointed and able.

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

For Better Church Socials.

One of the best books on methods we have had in our library is "The Minister's Social Helper" by Theresa Hunt Wolcott, published by The Sunday School Times Co., Philadelphia. Miss Wolcott has edited a methods department in The Ladies Home Journal for years and this book is the result of that experience.

Out Of Door Preaching.

The best all-round handbook on the subject of open air gospel work we have ever seen is H. B. Gibbud's "Under the Blue Canopy of Heaven," published by The Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 La Salle Ave., Chicago. (50c.) Mr. Gibbud has had the experience and he writes about it like some of the men talk who are back from the trenches.

Read This Article.

Every minister ought to read "The United States and the War" by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman in "The Brooklyn Daily Eagle" for Monday, May 6, 1918. It is a remarkably clever and detailed account of what we have done so far in the war.

Have A "Request" Sunday.

A splendid suggestion comes to us from Farnhamville, Iowa. In a little paper published by the Congregational Church is this item:

"This is "Request Sunday.' Any sermon that you have heard the pastor preach, or any song selection rendered by the choir and you would like to hear again, let us know about it for this Sunday. All requests must be in not later than January 28th. The success of this day depends upon you. Don't be backward in making your request."

Why not plan such a day in your church? If you do please send us an account of your experience.

Sermons On The Evangel Of Love.

1. God's Plan for Men Revealed Through Jesus Christ.
2. God's Plan for Men Self-Thwarted.
3. God's Plan for Men Restored Through Jesus Christ.
4. The Plan: Communion With God.
5. This Christian Life Is For All.
6. The World for Christ.

This series is based on the spirit of Luke 15.

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Congregational folks might well be proud of the part taken by their representatives at Mount Hermon during the Federate School of Missions, July 6-13. We regretted the absence of our beloved chairman, Mrs. O. W. Lucas of Berkeley, whose ability is so known among Congregational women and whose illness is a cause of sympathy from the executive committee of the Federate School. At the devotional period on Tuesday morning, July 9, led by Mrs. F. B. Perkins of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, who attended the Federate School as a delegate from the National Woman's Home Missionary Federation (Congregational) the leader voiced our prayer for our suffering chairman, Mrs. Lucas. Other Congregational women who attended, registering in the Federate School at Mount Hermon, were Mrs. H. Melville Tenney who had a table of free Congregational missionary literature, Miss Helen M. Perkins, Mrs. Benjamin Perkins of Boston, Mrs. E. P. Liesy of Stockton, Miss Lena E. White of Berkeley, Mrs. F. S. Wheeler of San Jose.

And there was registered that delightful Congregational speaker, Miss Miriam Woodberry, who spoke to the young people at their meeting before the Sunday evening service and who was the lecturer of the evening on Monday, July 8, Miss Woodbrry's topic being, "Who's Who in America." On Friday forenoon, July 12, instead of Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill teaching the fifth chapter of "The Path of Labor," which chapter was written by Miss Woodberry herself, Mrs. Hill gave way to Miss Woodberry, who taught her own chapter in the books, the subject being "In Lumber Camps and Mines." As usual, Miss Woodberry delighted and instructed her auditors. She stated that when she was visiting in the South, she had been entertained and taken an automobile rides by people who owned stock in cotton mils, but somehow when staying with them, she was not allowed to see much of the work of children in the mills. But when Miss Woodberry was doing church work, she stayed in other homes where the children had to get up at 3:25 and 3:30 a. m. in order to go to the cotton mill work. So much did Miss Woodberry learn about conditions, that Mr. Lovejoy told her that she was able to give him more valuable information than any expert that they had ever sent down South. In her teaching of her chapter at the Federate School of Missions, Miss Woodberry declared that as the lumber life is constantly changing, the church must learn to do transient work. She spoke most interestingly of the power of the I. W. W. on the lumber men. These men are stalwart, fine specimens of humanity, but the hold of the I. W. W. on them is a menace. Since the war began, trees are being cut for aeroplanes. It takes thirty minutes to demolish a tree 300 years old. The Presbyterians are the only denomination that has steadily kept up missionary lumber work. They have four superintendents now. The Congregationalists have followed the lumber camps with schools for children. Miss Woodberry cited the case of a lumber camp boy who became one of Amherst's brilliant sons. Conditions in Butte, Montana, the Coeur d'Alenes of North Central Idaho, the lives of Welsh miners of Pennsylvania, the miners' wives and their days, the frequent deaths of men in coal mines, became vivid on Miss Woodberry's lips. We were indeed fortunate as a summer school, in having Miss Woodberry to teach her own chapter in "The Path of Labor."

On Thursday afternoon, July 11, the "rallies" of the different denominations were held, the Congregational ladies holding their rally on the porch of the Missions Building. It was a delightful spot. It had been discovered that our new and very pleasant home keeper for the Missions Building, Mrs. I. Pitcher, was also a Congregationalist and she made one of the rally. The program was opened by Mrs. H. Melville Tenney. The new missionaries were spoken of, Miss Frances Clapp of Oregon who will be a teacher of music at the Doshisha, Japan and Miss Augusta Burwell, who will be a teacher in the Doshisha, Mention was also made of the recent return to this country of Dr. Tallman Sargent, whose hospital is at Lintsing, China. Also a printed letter from Jeannie L. Jillson, who was Pacific Board missionary at Brousa, Turkey, now sent on Red Cross Commission to Palestine. Surely the prayers of Pacific Coast Congregational women will go up for her work in the Holy Land that so moves our sympathies. Miss Miriam Woodberry spoke to the Congregational ladies at this rally, speaking about organization, about our ministers in industrial centers, and about the Schauffler Training School for foreign girls, at Cleveland, Ohio. Then the

Congregational ladies ate pink ice cream as a delicious addition to their rally. Eleven were present. Would that many more Congregationalists might find their way to beautiful Mount Hermon.

Our Federate School of Missions had a delightful week. On Saturday night, July 6, the School opened with a camp fire, at which the teachers of the week were introduced. On Sunday morning, Dr. J. A. B. Fry of Berkeley, Asbury Methodist Church, spoke. On Sunday evening, our brilliant text book teacher, Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill of New York City, delivered a very interesting address on "Woman's Place in the Great War." Besides her daily text book classes in "The Path of Labor" and "Women Workers of the Orient." Mrs. Hill, at the request of friends on Wednesday evening repeated a wonderful illustrated lecture of hers, given at Mt. Hermon two years ago, on her trip to South America. The views of old Inca buildings and South American scenes were beautiful and interesting. Mrs. Hill was a brave woman to make that trip up into the Andes to Lake Titicaca and La Paz, Bolivia. On Tuesday evening, the Federate School of Missions listened to an address by Dr. Arthur W. Rider of Los Angeles on "Missions in War Time." On Thursday evening, Dr. Royal J. Dye of the pioneer Christian denominational work at Bolenge, Congo, Africa, gave the large audience a most delightful address, sweeping his audience with laughter again and again telling African animal folk love stories to the children and passing on to accounts of the results of mission work and an impassioned appeal that missionaries should be sent before Mohammedanian entrenches itself there. On Friday night, Dr. Cameron Johnson, gave a beautiful illustrated lecture on "China." On Thursday forenoon, room was found for "Missiongrams" from Miss Ethel Phelps, recently returned from Baptist Missionary work teaching high class Filipino girls at Javo, Iloilo, P. I., and Mrs. Adelaide Aldrich, field worker for the Presbyterians, who told of work at Neah Bay etc.

We have had a most prosperous Twelfth Session of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions. The daily Normal class was taught by Mrs. Paul Raymond, so well known in missionary circles. The daily Bible hour was ably conducted by Dr. W. H. Oxtoby of San Anselmo Theological Seminary.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions.

IF WORDS WERE BIRDS.

If words were birds
And swiftly flew
From tips of lips
Owned, dear, by you,
Would they, to-day,
Be hawks and crows,
Or blue, and true, and sweet—
Who knows?

Let's play to-day,
We choose the best;
Birds blue and true,
With dovelike breast,
'Tis queer, my dear,
We never knew
That words like birds
Had wings and flew. —Ex.

True happiness springs not from without, but from within; it is not the product of possessions or of achievements, but a certain disposition and inner quality of life.—Charles R. Brown.

Helps By the Way.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

THE UPPER ROOM.

We have sore need of that Upper Room. The complexity of business life loads the man of affairs with problems in such a way as to almost banish the mood for devotion. The ceaseless round of social gayeties becomes for many a woman a large house all on the ground floor with no room abutting on the sky. . . . We have constant need of that Upper Room as a place of spiritual privilege.—Charles R. Brown.

THE PRESENCE IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

God is not only above man and with man; he is in man. . . . The Presence is the atmosphere in which the soul breathes, the sunshine in which its graces grow. When it is realized there is summer in the soul. We can detect the Presence in the soul by every upward push which we experience—every yearning after a purer and better life, every awakening of altruistic impulse, every striving of a passion for righteousness, every forth-putting of effort to redress wrong. All these are signs that God is at work within us, not in a mechanical way, but in a vital and inspirational way, as the operation of spirit upon spirit, the inflow of personality into personality. With the vast multitude the sense of the Presence is feeble, and the cound of its inward voice is scarcely heard at all. . . . Yet God is never absent from them, never ceasing to work within them. He is the inexhaustible fountain at which their spirits may drink—the source of health, of holiness, and happiness. To realize his presence is the beginning of the religious life. . . . . That soul has come into the inmost shrine of religious experience who can with Augustine say of the Presence: 'Thou light of my heart, thou bread of my inmost soul, thou power that maketh fertile my mind, and the thought of my bosom.' "—James M. Campbell.

PRAYER FOR COURAGE.

Why should I long for what I know
Can never be revealed to me?
I only pray that I may grow
As sure and bravely as a tree.

I do not ask why tireless grief
Remains or why all beauty flies;
I only crave the blind relief
Of branches groping toward the skies.

Let me bring every seed to fruit,
Sharing whatever comes to pass,
The strong persistence of the root,
The patient courage of the grass.

Heartened by every source of mirth,
I shall not mind the wounds and scars
Feeling the solid strength of earth,
The bright conviction of the stars.
—Louis Untermeyer in The Century Magazine.

AWAKENING TO GOD.

It is not at our Bethels that God comes down to us; it is only at our Bethels that we wake up to God. We talk of our times of meeting God, of the day when God first came to us. We mean by it the only time when we came to our senses and saw God.—John Knox McLean.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields";
He said, "Nay, walk in the town";
I said, "There are no flowers there";
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and din";
But He wept as He sent me back—
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun";
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say";
He answered me, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in Heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town;
He said, "My child, do you yield,
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He.
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

—George MacDonald.

THE CHRIST WITHIN US.

As sure as the Christ within grows he must struggle with temptation and sometimes find his life endangered. . . . . The story of Jesus is a parable of our own spiritual history. All the Pharisaical elements within us sneer and oppose, and at length clamor for his crucifixion. But if you will be patient and undiscouraged and give him a chance to grow, some day he will come to the place of power and will bring every thought into captivity and will set free all the divine possibilities of your nature. . . . If there is in you any spirit of cowardice, of selfish sorrow, of indifference to another's need, of advantage of another's necessity, pray God that it be banished utterly from you—Raymond C. Brooks.

LIGHT TO GET HOME.

The silent stars are stealing through the door,
A solemn hush is brooding o'er the moor,
The light that's left of day is nearly o'er,
Ere I am home.

The moor-tracks wind into the pathless night,
Till they are lost at last upon the height;
But in the west there lingers all the light
To see me home.

The love that led me all the golden way,
Nor left me when my feet had gone astray,
Will hold me still, at dying of the day,
And bring me home.

—Charles Kingsley.

For The Children.

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mamma.

"Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Clara, you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mamma put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went around with his hands in those little snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darning cotton I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn cotton! I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Susie. "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in the wastebasket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was your, Susie," he said, as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mamma could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the one you gave me Emily."

"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pansy bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot it."

"It must have fallen off the window sill," said mamma. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon Sister Mary asked if anybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry, and grandpa could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied, soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"—Ex.

HIS QUICK TEMPER.

They were talking about a certain naughty boy who had just done something rude. "He has a quick temper," was the excuse some one put forward for him.

"Is he quick at his lessons?" was the question."

"No," was the reply.

"Is he quick at sports?" the questioner went on. Again the answer was "No."

"Is he quick in obedience?"

"No."

"Well," said the questioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he has so little quickness he'd better use it where it will do him some good. It's clear waste to put it on his temper."—The Lutheran.

AT SLEEPY TIME.

"Oh, dear!" the little Tin Soldier cried,
"I've marched this whole day long,
Though my gun is heavy and hard to hold,
And my legs are far from strong.

And now I should like to take some rest;
It certainly can't be right
To expect a veteran like myself
To stand on guard all night."

The little Toy Horse, in great distress,
Called: "Who will attend to me?
I want to be put in my nice neat stall,
And be given some oats for tea.

"I've been to the market-town and back
To-day at my fastest trot;
And now I am lying upside down
With my harness tied in a knot."

Cried Jack-in-a-box, "I've jumped and bounced
Till I'm quite worn out to-night;
Will somebody please shut up my house,
And fasten the roof down tight?"

"I'm hoarse as a crow!" said the Barking Dog;
"I'm tired!" sighed the Woolly Sheep;
"We are all of us that," cried Jumping Jack,
"And we need some rest and sleep.

"We should like to go to our beds at once,
And shut up our eyes quite tight.
Will our dear little Master please to come
And settle us all for the night?"

But Mother it was who put them up
In a row on the nursery shelf;
For never a word the Master heard,—
He was fast asleep himself!

—Ellen Manley, in Little Folks.

WHERE THE SUNSHINE COMES FROM.

"Well, Grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's armchair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma. "I have read a little and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There is a little girl that I have learned to watch for. She has a wealth of sunny brown hair; her eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"Who—that girl with the old brown coat on?" cried the boy. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has a very hard time, Grandma."

"Has she, indeed?" said grandma. "Then wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called: "Susie, Susie, come up here a minute. Grandma wants to see you."

The little girl seemed surprised, but she turned at once and came in.

Arthur met her at the door and said, "Susie, grandma would like to know what makes you bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to be," she said. "You see, papa's been sick a long time, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

Grandma put her arm around the little girl and said: "You could not have a better reason for shining. Keep on shining, dear little sunbeam."

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